

To Earl Spencer with the printed Account  
of The Literary Fund.

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To Thee, whose modest science, genuine worth,  
Crown the bright honours of illustrious birth,  
Who, form'd to rule, though skill'd alike to please,  
Could it quit for public toils, domestic ease,  
By Letters and by Taste allured in vain  
When Britain called thee to her naval reign,  
To thee, in Learning's cause, much pity runs,  
And prompts a zealous, though an humble Muse.

The woe of empires, and the cares of state,  
First claim and first employ the Good & Great.  
Yet, in each happier day, each tranquil hour,  
They still confess the mild Parnassian power.  
Whence, by culture softened and refined,  
Their talents guide, their virtues bless mankind,  
Whence in search of sacred truth they stray,  
Or wake the Lyre, and breathe the enchanting lay,

All join in grateful rapture, all proclaim  
The springs of knowledge are the source of fame.  
Thus, when adorned by favouring fortune's rays,  
Accomplish'd Science gains distinguish'd praise.  
But oh! what anguish waits her hapless train  
When press'd by want, or stung by harsh disdain?  
When, far from kind compassion's sheltering care,  
The hope that soothed, now aggravates despair.  
Now oft with misery, in her darkest cell,  
(Heart-rending thought!) does heaven-born Genius dwell,  
By slow disease, unaided, yield it's breath,  
Or rush, infuriate, to the arms of death.  
Let Wit, let Fancy in it's loftiest pride,  
Reflect how Butler languished, Otway died;  
Now, urg'd by want, enslav'd to party rage,  
Dryden at once adorned and shamed his age,  
While that immortal Bard, whose Muse sublime  
Had "passed the flaming bounds of space and time,"  
Poor, sightless, ill repaid by niggard praise,  
Pined through the cheerless winter of his days.

From ill like these neglected worth to save,  
Redeem from want, and rescue from the grave,



A small but faithful band, in Learning's cause,  
Nor vain of wealth, nor thirsting for applause,  
But prompt to aid the talents they admired,  
Felt honest zeal, and what they felt, inspired,  
Dared to a proud and giddy world proclaim  
The Muse's wrongs, and thoughtless Britain's shame,  
Till Pity, kindled by their liberal plan,  
Shot with electric power from man to man,  
And, roused at length, Benevolence supplied  
New funds, new stores, to swell the bounteous tide;  
Till fame, applauding, hailed the generous deed,  
And Virtue's toils were crowned with Virtue's meed.

Thus Thames, unnoticed in his early course,  
Flows, a small current, from an humble source,  
Till, fed by tributary rills, his stream,  
The Painter's subject and the Poet's theme,  
Wafts Britain's wealth through many a fertile plain,  
And bears her floating thunders to the main.

One proud distinction still the Muse requires,  
And grasps in hope what fondly she desires;  
That number'd with her patrons she may boast  
The letter'd friend of Wit — himself a host.

Then, while with proud triumphant flag unfurled,  
Thy much-loved country awes, yet charms, the world,  
While her famed heroes, dauntless on the wave,  
Fight but to bless, and conquer but to save,  
From thine and Britain's glories turn thine eyes  
To those dear haunts where sorrowing genius lies;  
And, should it's countless woes, it's lot reverse,  
Claim but one heart-felt sigh, one generous tear,  
Let genuine sympathy assert her claim,  
And, with exulting pride, enrol a Spencer's name.

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W. Boscawen





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AN ACCOUNT OF THE INSTITUTION  
OF THE  
SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT  
OF A  
LITERARY FUND:  
CONSTITUTIONS OF THE SOCIETY:  
TRANSACTIONS OF THE COMMITTEE  
IN THE APPLICATION OF SUBSCRIPTIONS:  
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS:  
CASH ACCOMPT OF THE FUND:  
AND  
POEMS ON ANNIVERSARIES, &c.  
FROM 1794 TO 1798.

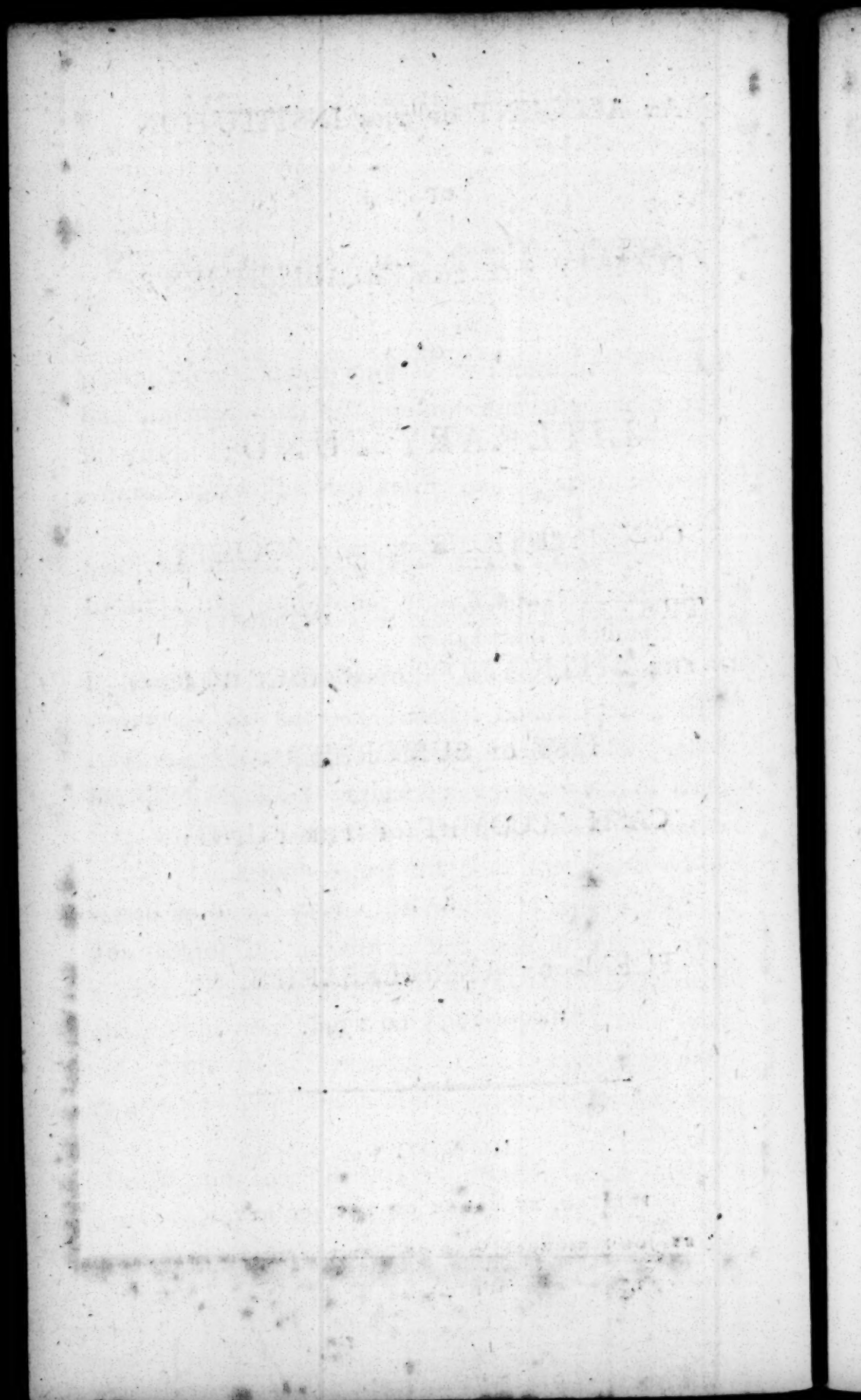
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LONDON:

PRINTED, BY ORDER OF THE SOCIETY,  
BY JOHN NICHOLS, ONE OF THEIR REGISTRARS.

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## INSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY.

**T**HIS Institution, which may probably rank among the most useful and important in the kingdom, had its origin in a Society, consisting principally of men of letters, and from the following circumstance :

In 1788, an event took place, which tarnished the character of English humanity, and afflicted the friends of knowledge.

Floyer Sydenham, the ingenious translator of Plato, a profound scholar; revered for his knowledge, and beloved for his candour and gentleness; died in consequence of having been arrested, and detained, for a debt to a victualler, who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

At the news of that event, every friend of literature in the Society felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and one of the Members proposed, that a plan should be executed which had been some years under consideration, to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving Authors and their Families in distress.

The plan, though applauded, was not unanimously adopted; but the spirit of the proposer being by no means discouraged, another Society was



formed, consisting only of eight persons; at the first meeting of which, the Constitutions and an advertisement were produced, and approved.

The subscription for the purposes of printing the Constitutions, and inserting advertisements in the public papers, amounted only to eight guineas; but at the next meeting the number of Subscribers was increased, and the Subscription renewed.

This little faithful band steadily continued its operations; and, without waiting for the result of yearly subscriptions, proportioned its contributions to the objects immediately in view; and sustained the expence of printing the Constitutions and advertisements nearly two years.

In this manner the Society gradually acquired stability; and the first general meeting was appointed on Tuesday, the 18th of May, 1790; when Officers were elected, a Committee formed, and the annual subscriptions were so increased as to admit of the application of small sums to the purposes of the Institution.

## CONSTITUTIONS.

THE peculiar motives for establishing this Institution are so obvious as hardly to require enumeration.

All the boasted distinctions of England have great obligations to the Press. Princes are influenced, ministers propose measures, and magistrates are instructed, by the industry of literature; while the Authors of the first suggestions may be languishing in obscurity, or dying in distress.

It is thought, this evil may be diminished, if not removed, by an institution calculated to obtain justice for injured talents, or compassion for such as are depressed; to obviate the dreadful apprehensions which discourage or pervert genius; and to promote the exercise of candour in the provinces of literature.

Every description of genius and merit, except that devoted to general science and the Belles Lettres, has some appropriate mode of compensation. The learned professions, and all the provinces of arts merely imitative, have probable means of remuneration or refuge,—Literature alone is



neglected, when become a distinct pursuit, and absorbing all the faculties of the mind.

It is the purpose of this Institution to establish a fund, on which deserving Authors may rely for assistance, in proportion to its produce.

An annual subscription, of not less than a Guinea, entitles the Subscriber to a voice in the deliberations of the Society.

Donations of Ten Guineas, and upwards, within one year, constitute Subscribers for life; and legacies in trust will be gratefully received.

The powers of this Society are vested in a President, Vice-Presidents, two Registrars, two Treasurers; a Council of not more than fifty; and a General Committee of twenty-one Members, seven of which shall go out annually, according to priority of service, and then be eligible into the Council; the members of which may, after three years, be re-elected into the General Committee.

Presidents, Vice-presidents, Registrars, and Treasurers, when they decline their re-election, are eligible into the Council.

Subscribers residing at considerable distances from London, who interest themselves for the Society, and, while in town, attend the Committee, may, at the end of three years, be elected into the Council.

All these regulations imply, that the parties continue their subscriptions, or are Subscribers for life.

The ordinary business of the Society is transacted by a Committee on the third Thursday in the Month, and consisting of the Officers and Members of the General Committee. Five to be a Quorum.

All Assemblies and Committees shall be directed by the President, Vice-president, one of the Council, or, in their absence, by a Chairman appointed for the time. The Council shall always appoint its President for the time, and from its own body.

At all Assemblies of the Subscribers, Councils, or Committees, the decisions shall be by a majority; and the President, or Chairman, give only a casting vote on an equal division.

The meetings of the General Committee shall be open to the members of the Council; who may in all occurrences assist by advice, but not vote on debates. If any irregularities or abuses appear, or be supposed, to arise, two members of the Council, by directions to a Registrar, or by letters from themselves, may assemble the whole Council, to consider the measures in question, to obviate or approve their effects, and to suspend the operations of the Committee, of the Registrars, Treasurers, or other Officers, until the general sense

of the Subscribers be taken; which must be within a month of the time of suspension.

Temporary vacancies in the Committee, or in the offices, shall be filled up at the discretion of the Council.

Every Subscriber shall be summoned annually, on the third Thursday in April, to chuse Officers, and to supply the vacancies, by rotation or any other circumstance; in the Committee and Council; or such as may happen in the offices of President, Vice-president, Registrar, or Treasurer.—These Officers shall be appointed annually; but the offices may be long continued in the same persons, if practicable.

The pecuniary appointments for Collectors and Messengers (all other offices being discharged gratuitously) must be assigned and approved at their election. These officers may be suspended or discharged by the Committee, on a complaint properly supported by a member of the Committee, of the Council, or a Subscriber. Security may be taken, by the Committee, for the execution of their trusts.

All applications for relief must be made to a Registrar; who may immediately summon a Committee, if the cases be urgent; if not, he shall submit them at the first meeting.

The assistance afforded to Authors in distress, or to their widows and children, shall be at the discretion  
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of the Committee, and be transmitted by a Treasurer, a Member of the Committee or Council, or by a Subscriber, according to its order; of which he is to produce an acknowledgement.

All the stock, property, and revenues, of the Society shall be in the public funds, in public and competent securities, or at a banker's. No money shall be drawn for, but by an order of the Committee: no securities shall be changed; nor any part of a capital, whether in estates or funds, be disposed of but by the consent of a general meeting of the Subscribers.

Books of Accompts by a Treasurer, and books of Transactions and Occurrences by a Registrar, are always liable to inspection by the Committee and Council, or by any of their members. They shall be open to any Subscriber, applying to the proper Officer.

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N. B. These Constitutions, or any article of them, may be revised, corrected, or altered, at the general or annual meeting of the Subscribers; provided a requisition be previously made, to that effect, by the majority of the Council or of the Committee; that the subjects to be submitted to the Subscribers be prepared by a Sub-committee, appointed

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pointed for the purpose; and that notice be given, in the circular letter to the Subscribers, of the intended revision.

The Committee generally dine together on the monthly periods of business, but at their own expence; and all the dinners of the Society are at the private expence of the members.

TRANSAC-

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE COMMITTEE, in the Application of the Subscriptions.

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N. B. Subscribers may have full information respecting the following cases, by a perusal of the original minutes of the Society, in the possession of the Registrars.—Publishing the names of the persons relieved, or giving such descriptions as would be equivalent to naming them, would be a violation of that delicacy, which is necessary to render the beneficence of the Society acceptable to minds made peculiarly irritable by misfortune. It is thought some of those who are dead may be mentioned without injury or indelicacy, for the satisfaction of those Subscribers who will not be at the trouble of consulting the Records of the Institution.

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### No. I.

A gentleman \*, who had written several works of considerable learning and utility; critical, biographical, historical, and theological; being in great distress; it was resolved, Dec. 3, 1790, that ten gui-

\* The late Dr. Harwood.



ne as be given him, at different periods, according to the discretion of Mr. Brooke, the Treasurer.

### No. II.

The author of an important and admired publication being greatly distressed ; it was resolved, Feb. 4, 1791, that ten guineas be given him, and delivered by Mr. D. Williams : and, on Aug. 2, 1792, the same gentleman being still much embarrassed, five guineas more were voted for him by the Committee, and conveyed by Mr. Williams.

### No. III.

May 4, 1791. Five guineas were presented to the widow of the writer of a learned work. She was in great difficulties, with a family of four young children unprovided for.

### No. IV.

At a general meeting of the Subscribers, May 6, 1791, a letter from an author of several useful productions, historical and poetical, being read, stating his melancholy situation ; it was desired, that Mr. Brooke would enquire particularly into his case, and prepare it for the next Committee ; and he was empowered, in the mean time, to relieve him with any sum not exceeding six guineas.

June 3, 1791. Two guineas only having been presented, by Mr. Brooke, to the above gentleman, a farther donation of ten guineas was voted.

### No. V.

No. V.

Dec. 2, 1791. A letter addressed to the Committee, by Mr. Stanley Crowder, a respectable bookseller in Paternoster-row, in favour of a very ingenious gentleman, being read; it was resolved, that five guineas be conveyed to him by Mr. Crowder.

That gentleman was a scholar of established credit. He had been concerned in many useful publications, but, through modesty, concealed his name. Twelve months before his application to the fund, he had been deprived of the use of his faculties by a stroke of the palsy, was then in a declining state, and considerably advanced in years.

No. VI.

Two guineas were also voted to a lady advanced in years, daughter of a gentleman\* of respectable character in the literary world, the original editor of Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays, and author of several valuable publications. Mr. Nichols was requested to deliver the money to her.

It was at the same time resolved, that ten guineas be presented to an ingenious lady in reduced circumstances.

No. VII.

January 6, 1792. It was resolved, that ten guineas be given to an industrious foreigner, who had

\* Thomas Coxeter, Esq. who was also one of the early writers in the Biographia Britannica.

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published various useful works, in such manner as Mr. D. Williams should find necessary.

That gentleman, by an unforeseen accident, was involved in undeserved misfortunes, and reduced to deplorable wretchedness.

No. VIII.

The gentleman, mentioned (No. IV.) was farther assisted, when a prisoner in the Fleet for debt, with a sickly wife, sometimes at the rate of a guinea, at others of half a guinea, a week; and, when released from confinement, but still out of employ, it was resolved, that Mr. Brooke should relieve him by small sums at different times, the whole not exceeding eight guineas.

No. IX.

April 6, 1792. A letter being read from the gentleman alluded to (No. I.) stating his distresses; it was resolved, that ten guineas be given him, at a guinea a week, by the Treasurer, Mr. Brooke.

No. X.

May 4, 1792. A letter from a lady, the writer of several original works, being read, describing her very distressed situation; it was resolved, that ten guineas be presented to her; and Captain Morris was desired to deliver them.

No. XI.

At the same time a letter from an author of two medical works being read, stating his necessitous  
circum-



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circumstances; it was resolved, that five guineas be  
allowed him, and Dr. Dale desired to remit them.

He had suffered five months' imprisonment, and  
was destitute both of friends and money.

No. XII.

At the same meeting an application was made to  
the Committee in behalf of a man of letters in dis-  
tress; and it was resolved, that ten guineas be granted  
him and his family; and Mr. D. Williams desired to  
convey them.

No. XIII.

June 1, 1792. It was resolved, that ten guineas  
be presented to an aged physician and author, in  
distress.

No. XIV.

August 24, 1792. A lady, who by her talents  
had contributed to improve the funds of the Society  
in its infancy, experiencing temporary inconve-  
nience; it was resolved, that five guineas be pre-  
sented to her; and Captain Morris desired to deli-  
ver them.

No. XV.

The gentleman alluded to (No. II.) being still  
greatly embarrassed, five guineas more were voted  
him by the Committee.

At the same meeting, it was resolved, that the  
Committee expect letters of acknowledgement from  
the persons obtaining relief.

No. XVI.

## No. XVI.

December 7, 1792. Captain Morris stated, that in pursuance of a resolution of the Extraordinary Committee, August 24, 1792, he had given five guineas to a literary gentleman; but, as he was still in distress with a numerous family, and a wife ready to lie-in; it was resolved, that ten guineas more be presented to him by Captain Morris.

Great misfortunes had been brought on this writer, not by his own imprudence, but by the artifices of others.

## No. XVII.

A letter being read from the widow of a late Doctor in Divinity, author of various publications, describing her distressed condition; it was resolved, that six guineas be given her, two guineas at a time, according to the discretion of Mr. Nichols.

## No. XVIII.

At the same time an additional relief of five guineas was granted to the author mentioned in No. IV. and VIII.

## No. XIX.

January 4, 1793. A letter from an ingenious lady, author of many excellent works, being read, describing her distresses, arising from a dreadful accident, which confined her to her bed for several months;

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months; it was resolved, that ten guineas should be  
given her, and Dr. Dale was desired to deliver them.

No. XX.

At the same time it was resolved, that five guineas  
be presented to a foreigner, author of two ingeni-  
ous publications; and Major Jardine was desired to  
deliver them.

No. XXI.

April 5, 1793. Five guineas were granted to the  
gentleman mentioned in No. IV. and VIII. on ac-  
count of sickness—added to his other misfortunes.

No. XXII.

It being represented, that the gentleman alluded  
to (No. I.) was still distressed, much advanced in  
years, and very infirm; it was resolved, that five  
guineas should be allowed him; and Mr. Fitzgerald  
was desired to give that sum, in such manner as  
might best relieve him.

No. XXIII.

May 3, 1793. At a general meeting, it was re-  
solved, that three guineas should be presented to a  
lady, in consequence of an application made at an  
extraordinary meeting; and Mr. D. Williams was  
requested to transmit them. This lady had claims  
on the Society, having employed her talents in its  
service.

B No. XXIV.



## No. XXIV.

August 27. A letter from the lady alluded to (No. X.) being read, describing her unfortunate condition, arising from the extravagance of her son, whom she wished to send to a distant country; it was resolved, that the sum of twelve guineas should be allowed for the purpose of enabling her to execute the design; and that they should be delivered by Dr. Johnson.

## No. XXV.

At the same meeting, a farther relief of six guineas was voted to the author mentioned in No. IV. and VIII.

## No. XXVI.

October 8, 1793. Four guineas were voted to a lady in distress, who had rendered services to the Society; and Captain Morris was desired to deliver them.

## No. XXVII.

November 29. A lady, alluded to above (No. VI.) having again solicited assistance from the Literary Fund; it was resolved, that five guineas be allowed her; and Mr. Nichols was desired to deliver them.

## No. XXVIII.

January 31, 1794. The farther relief of two guineas was granted in the case No. IV. and VIII.

## No. XXIX.

No. XXIX.

March 28. A letter being read from a lady in great distress, who had rendered services to the Society, and who had distinguished herself as a writer, requesting assistance from the Literary Fund; it was resolved, that ten guineas be allowed her; and the Rev. D. Williams was requested to deliver them.

No. XXX.

May 30, 1794. A Doctor of Laws having applied to the Society for assistance, being then in great want; it was resolved, that twenty guineas be allowed him, and that Mr. Nichols be desired to send them. This gentleman is the author of several esteemed publications, most of which have been translated into foreign languages.

The difficulties under which he at that time laboured proceeded from the distressed circumstances of a gentleman, from whom he used to receive annually a valuable consideration for services rendered him.

No. XXXI.

December 19, 1794. At a meeting of the Committee, it was resolved, that the sum of ten guineas be given to the ingenious author of two volumes of poems; and the Rev. Mr. D. Williams was desired to deliver them.

## No. XXXII.

At the same time it was resolved, that five guineas be allowed the son of the late celebrated translator of an admired poem, and author of several original poetical works, to assist in his education; the money to be delivered to the Rev. Mr. Naylor.

## No. XXXIII.

January 23, 1795. The farther relief of five guineas was granted in the case No. IV. and VIII. on account of the severity of the season.

## No. XXXIV.

A letter being read from a clergyman, stating his distressed circumstances, with a numerous family unprovided for; it was resolved, that twelve guineas be allowed him; and Mr. Nichols was requested to deliver them. The gentleman had been employed in the management of various periodical publications, and had published many original works; but, from various causes, his literary labours had been unproductive.

## No. XXXV.

February 20, 1795. A letter from the widow of an eminent physician, author of an ingenious medical work, being read, describing her distress, and that of a numerous family unprovided for; it was resolved, that twelve guineas be allowed her; and Mr. Christie was requested to deliver them.

## No. XXXVI.



No. XXXVI.

March 20. A lady, who has already been mentioned as having obtained relief (No. XXIII.), having stated by letter her distress; it was resolved, that two guineas be allowed her, she having received on her former application (May 3, 1793,) only three guineas; and Mr. D. Williams was requested to send them to her.

No. XXXVII.

March 20, 1795. A letter having been received from the widow of an author well known in the theatrical world, stating that, by the death of her husband, she was left almost destitute, and that she was involved in fresh distress by an unforeseen accident; it was resolved, that ten-guineas be allowed her; and Mr. Brooke was desired to deliver them.

No. XXXVIII.

April 7. A letter being read, stating the distressed situation of the translator of several antient writings; it was resolved, that ten guineas be granted him; and Mr. Scott was desired to contrive the best mode of delivering them.

No. XXXIX.

May 29. A letter being read, relating the necessitous circumstances of a clergyman, author of several learned and ingenious writings; it was resolved, that ten guineas should be allowed

him, and the Rev. D. Williams was desired to convey them.

#### No. XL.

At the same meeting, the widow of a writer of several useful publications stated by letter her distresses, being left with four daughters, and very scantily provided for; her husband having been shipwrecked, and with him the greater part of his substance lost. It was therefore resolved, that a sum, not less than five, nor exceeding ten guineas, should be allowed her, according to the discretion of the Rev. Mr. Bracken, who had undertaken to enquire more particularly into her situation.

#### No. XLI.

July 1, 1795. Ten guineas more were voted for the relief of the clergyman (No. XXXIX.), whose situation was represented as still distressful; and Mr. Bracken requested to deliver them.

#### No. XLII.

Nov. 19. It being stated, that a lady, who had already been relieved by this Society (No. XL.), was still in pecuniary difficulties, four guineas more were voted her; and Mr. Bracken was desired to deliver them.

#### No. XLIII.

It was at the same time resolved, that the lady, who had before received assistance from the Society  
(No.

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(No. XXIX.), should be presented with five guineas, she being still in great distress; and the Rev. D. Williams was desired to send them.

No. XLIV.

It was also resolved, that five guineas be given to a widow, author of two publications, who was in great difficulties, principally arising from the expence occasioned by a young child just recovered from the small-pox; and Mr. Nichols was desired to leave that sum for her at Messrs. Robinsons, booksellers, Pater-noster-row.

No. XLV.

Dec. 17, 1795. It being represented to the Committee, that a clergyman, author of two useful publications, was in distressed circumstances, ten guineas were voted for his relief; and Dr. Dale was desired to convey them.

No. XLVI.

Jan. 21, 1796. A letter being read, stating that the clergyman, mentioned No. XXXIX. and XLI. was still in distress, into which he had been plunged by unforeseen circumstances; it was resolved, that ten guineas be conveyed to him by the Rev. Mr. Bracken.

No. XLVII.

A representation being made to the Committee, at the same time, that a clergyman of distinguished



learning and eminence had left five daughters unprovided for; it was resolved, that ten guineas be allowed them; and Dr. Dale was requested to deliver them.

No. XLVIII.

March 17, 1796. The gentleman (No. IV.) who had several times been relieved by this Society, having again applied, it was resolved, in consequence of his afflictions from a very painful and long-continued illness, to allow him five guineas; and Mr. Brooke was desired to convey them.

No. XLIX.

Dr. Downman, of Exeter, a Subscriber to this Institution, having applied by letter in behalf of an ingenious translator, and author of several original tracts in prose and verse, who was then languishing under the double affliction of sickness and poverty; it was resolved, that ten pounds be allowed him; and Mr. D. Williams was requested to send that sum to Dr. Downman, that it might be applied to his use.

No. L.

At the same meeting it was resolved, that five guineas be allowed a lady, the author of the account of an useful enterprize, in which she accompanied her husband, since deceased; it being represented to the Committee, that she was in great distress; and Captain Morris was requested to convey them to her.

No. LI.

No. LI.

The author of some voluminous and very useful works being represented to the Committee as being involved in difficulties; it was resolved, that fifteen guineas be allowed him; and Mr. D. Williams was desired to inform him of that resolution, and direct him to receive the money of the Treasurer.

No. LII.

The gentleman mentioned in No. XXX. being again in considerable distress; the Committee resolved, that ten guineas be presented to him by Mr. Nichols.

No. LIII.

May 19, 1796. Ten guineas were presented, by means of Mr. Scott, to the ingenious author of a volume of poems, and several pieces in prose, on his being represented to the Committee as in a very distressed situation.

No. LIV.

Mr. Scott was also desired to convey five guineas to the learned translator mentioned in No. XXXVIII. who was again in want of assistance.

No. LV.

At the same time, twelve guineas were voted to the widow, whose case was described in No. XL. she being in peculiar distress; and Dr. Dale was requested to deliver them.

No. LVI.

## No. LVI.

The sum of three guineas was also allowed to the author of several publications, in consideration chiefly of his extreme distress.

## No. LVII.

June 16, 1796. The Doctor of Laws, whose case is stated in No. XXX. being again in great distress, with a wife and daughter; it was agreed that the sum of ten guineas should be sent to him by Dr. Dale.

## No. LVIII.

The situation of the ingenious and industrious author, mentioned in No. IV. VIII. XLVIII. becoming still more and more deplorable, he being nearly destitute, and utterly incapable of doing any thing for his support; it was thought proper that ten guineas should be given to him, in such a manner as Dr. Dale might think would be most beneficial.

## No. LIX.

Five guineas were also presented, by means of the Rev. T. Naylor, to the young gentleman mentioned in No. XXXII; for the purpose of assisting him in his education.

## No. LX.

July 18. In consideration of the great distress experienced by the widow, whose case is stated in No. XIX. with a numerous family, depending principally



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cipally on her literary exertions for support, Dr. Dale was desired to deliver ten guineas to her.

No. LXI.

The translator of two works, of acknowledged excellence, from the Latin, and likewise author of several ingenious publications, stating his embarrassed situation; it was resolved, that he should be assisted with ten guineas; and Dr. Dale was requested to present them to him.

No. LXII.

The learned and ingenious clergyman, mentioned in No. XXXIX. being still, from the great expences attending his publications, very much embarrassed; the Rev. Mr. Bracken was requested to convey to him the sum of ten guineas.

No. LXIII.

Oct. 20, 1796. The unfortunate gentleman alluded to several times, but particularly in No. IV. and LVIII. being released from his miserable existence, four guineas were granted, on account of the peculiar circumstances attending the case, to defray the remaining expences of his funeral.

No. LXIV.

A learned foreigner, author of several original works and translations, nearly seventy years of age, being in very great distress, with a sick wife and daughter,

daughter, five guineas were directed to be given him by Captain Morris.

No. LXV.

Five guineas were ordered for the lady mentioned in No. XXIX. and XLIII. in consideration of her very wretched condition; and Mr. D. Williams was desired to deliver them.

No. LXVI.

Twenty-five pounds being voted for the widow and children of the late Robert Burns, the *Scotch Bard*, Mr. Stewart was requested to remit that sum to the Committee at Dumfries, appointed to collect subscriptions for the benefit of the family.

No. LXVII.

The widow of a lately-deceased clergyman in the country, author of several theological and political tracts, being left with a large family of children unprovided for; it was resolved that ten guineas should be allowed her; and Mr. Salte (one of the Vice-Presidents) was requested to remit the money.

No. LXVIII.

Nov. 17, 1795. The clergyman mentioned in No. XXXIV. being in a very distressed situation, with a family of nine children, and a wife far advanced in her pregnancy; ten guineas were directed to be conveyed to him by Mr. Nichols.

No. LXIX.

No. LXIX.

A clergyman, serving a curacy in the country, producing only £.30 a year, author of a work highly applauded at the time of publication, being in very great distress; it was resolved, that five guineas be sent to him through the hands of a Subscriber, who had represented his case to the Committee.

No. LXX.

A graduate of Oxford, and also of Trinity-College, Dublin, author of several poetical and political tracts, being in great distress, and in such a bad state of health as to interrupt his usual literary pursuits; the sum of five guineas was directed to be conveyed to him by the Rev. William Agutter, who had certified his case to the Society.

No. LXXI.

Dec. 15, 1796. Five guineas were voted to the widow mentioned in No. XL. and LV. in consideration of her very distressed condition, with a sickly daughter; and Dr. Dale was desired to convey them.

No. LXXII.

The author of several productions, some of them poetical, being in great distress, with a sick wife; it was resolved, that ten guineas be delivered to him by Mr. Nichols.

No. LXXIII.



## No. LXXIII.

Five guineas were directed to be delivered to a poor labouring man in the country, author of several poems; and Mr. T. Williams (one of the Vice-presidents) was desired to convey them.

## No. LXXIV.

Mr. D. Williams was desired to convey three guineas to an ingenious foreigner, translator of some pieces from the German; he being in very great distress.

## No. LXXV.

Jan. 19, 1797. In consideration of the deplorable condition of the aged foreigner, mentioned in No. LXIV; Captain Morris was requested to convey twelve guineas to him.

## No. LXXVI.

The widow of a late ingenious dramatic and political writer being left in great distress, with two daughters to support; it was resolved, that five guineas be conveyed to her by Dr. Dale.

## No. LXXVII.

The author of a well-received answer to a work, which lately excited a considerable degree of attention, both among the learned and unlearned, being under great affliction and family distress; Mr. Nichols was desired to convey ten guineas to him.

## No. LXXVIII.

No. LXXVIII.

The learned writer mentioned in cases No. XXX. LII. and LVII. being still in great distress, with a wife and daughter; it was resolved, that Mr. Nichols be requested to convey ten guineas to him.

No. LXXIX.

Two guineas were sent to the lady, mentioned in No. VI. and XXVII. through Mr. Nichols.

No. LXXX.

Feb. 16, 1797. The gentleman, whose case is given in No. LXXII. representing himself to be in a very distressed situation, on the decease of his wife, five guineas were desired to be delivered to him by Mr. Nichols.

No. LXXXI.

Ten guineas were directed to be delivered by Mr. Brooke to the gentleman whose case was related in No. LXX; he still continuing in a very bad state of health, and totally out of employ.

No. LXXXII.

An additional sum of two guineas was given to the ingenious foreigner mentioned in No. LXXIV. to provide for his immediate necessities: and, at the next meeting of the Committee, five guineas more were directed to be paid to him; provided it should appear to Mr. D. Williams that it would answer the beneficial purpose intended.

No. LXXXIII.

## No. LXXXIII.

March 16, 1797. The distressed situation of a lady, daughter of a late unfortunate gentleman, being stated; it was agreed, that ten pounds should be delivered to her, by Lord Mountmorres.

## No. LXXXIV.

April 7. The learned translator of several much-esteemed medical treatises from the Greek being in great distress, the sum of five pounds were directed to be given him by Dr. Dale.

## No. LXXXV.

April 20. The ingenious author mentioned in No. LXI. was allowed the farther sum of ten guineas; Mr. Scott taking the trouble of conveying it.

## No. LXXXVI.

At the same time, it was resolved, that five guineas should be delivered, by Dr. Dale, to the learned writer mentioned in cases No. XXX. LII. LVII. and LXXVIII; he still remaining in very great distress.

## No. LXXXVII.

May 18. An industrious foreigner, with a wife and three children, editor of a new and improved edition of a large and useful work, who had resided  
upwards



IN THE APPLICATION OF THE SUBSCRIPTIONS. 33

upwards of twelve years in England, wishing to return to his native country, but being destitute of the means; it was agreed, that Mr. D. Williams be desired to convey five guineas to him, to enable him to carry his design into execution:

No. LXXXVIII.

The gentleman mentioned in No. VII. being under the necessity of returning to his native country for a little time, leaving his wife and family in great distress; it was resolved, that five guineas should be allowed towards their support during his absence; Mr. D. Williams undertaking to convey the money.

No. LXXXIX.

Relief being again solicited by the aged and learned foreigner, whose case is related in No. LXIV. and LXXV; himself and family being severely afflicted with sickness and want; Captain Morris was desired to convey five guineas to him.

No. XC.

In consideration of the very great distress of the author alluded to in No. LVI. and his family, arising from sickness and poverty; Dr. Dale was desired to deliver two guineas to him:

No. XCI.

June 15, 1797. The Committee being informed, that the learned and ingenious clergyman, mentioned

No. XXXIX. and LXII. was still very much embarrassed, the sale of his principal work not having been as yet sufficiently extensive to repay the very heavy expences unavoidably incurred by its publication; it was agreed, that ten guineas should be delivered to him by Mr. Monro.

No. XCII.

July 6, 1797. Ten guineas were allowed to an ingenious Dissenting clergyman in the country, far advanced in years, author of some theological tracts; nearly thirty years of whose life had been spent in the education of youth; and who had been unexpectedly and undeservedly deprived of an annual income, on which he depended for the support of himself and family; and Mr. Lawford was desired to remit the money to him.

No. XCIII.

At the same time it was determined to allow the widow, mentioned in No. XVII. five guineas, to be conveyed by Mr. Nichols.

No. XCIV.

In consequence also of the distressed situation of the gentleman, whose case was stated in No. LXXII. and LXXX. ten guineas were ordered for him; Mr. Nichols taking the trouble of conveying them.

No. XCV.

No. XCV.

July 19, 1797. The Rev. Mr. Bracken was desired to convey five guineas to an elderly clergyman, lately a chaplain in the navy, and author of some theological and political tracts; he being afflicted with lameness, and in want of common necessaries.

No. XCVI.

Aug. 26. A clergyman, serving a small curacy in Wales, being reduced to a very deplorable condition, in consequence of debts incurred by the publication of a theological work, in two volumes; it was resolved, that the sum of twelve guineas be remitted to him, through Mr. Dicks, Secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury; to whom Mr. Bracken was desired to convey it.

No. XCVII.

Oct. 19. Ten guineas were directed to be conveyed by Major Gardner to the orphan children of a late eminent artist, and author of an ingenious work: they being but slenderly provided for.

No. XCVIII.

A teacher of languages, and author of several useful works, representing himself to be in great distress, with a sick and helpless wife; it was resolved, that five guineas be delivered to him by Dr. Dale.



### No. XCIX.

At the same time, three guineas were directed to be given by the Rev. D. Williams to the ingenious foreigner, mentioned in No. LXXIV. and LXXXII. on account of his very distressed situation.

### No. C.

It was resolved, that three guineas be conveyed by Mr. Nichols to the widow, whose case is given in No. XLIV. she being in very great distress.

### No. CI.

Five guineas were voted to the learned translator mentioned in No. LXXXIV; he still continuing to be much distressed; and the Rev. D. Williams was desired to convey them.

### No. CII.

Nov. 16. Five guineas were directed to be given by Mr. C. Smith to the wife of the foreigner, whose case is stated in No. LXXXVII. to enable her to join her husband in his own country.

### No. CIII.

In consideration of the distress of the learned writer mentioned in No. XXX. LII. LVII. LXXVIII. and LXXXVI. three guineas were desired to be conveyed to him by Dr. Dale.

### No. CIV.

No. CIV.

At the same time, three guineas were directed to be sent by Dr. Dale to the widow, whose case is given in No. XL. XLII. LV. and LXXI.

No. CV.

It was also resolved, that five guineas be conveyed, by the Rev. Thomas Bracken, to the elderly clergyman, whose situation is described in No. XCV. he still continuing in great distress.

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## POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

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LINES WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER  
CAPTAIN MORRIS, AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR,  
IN 1794, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF  
THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND.

YE friends of genius, friends of human kind,  
Who still the throbbings of the wounded mind,  
Ye little flock, selected from the crowd,  
The stern, the vain, the thoughtless, and the proud,  
To Pity's humble shrine your off'rings bring;  
Afflicted Genius is a sacred thing:  
*You* suffer with the man of studious mood,  
Who starves by labours for the public good;  
Whose wisdom forms us, and whose magic pen  
Softens our hearts, and tames us into men.  
Rouse, Sons of Wealth, whom Heaven in anger sees,  
Stretch'd on your sofas, in the pomp of ease;  
Who mark the Poet's or Historian's art,  
And praise the truths that never reach your heart,

D

Who

Who read an author as you quaff champaign,  
 To warm the frozen blood, and fire the brain;  
 And, while the flights of genius you admire,  
 View the scorn'd owner in a jail expire,  
 Or, like poor Chatterton, resign his breath,  
 Self-murder'd, to preclude a ling'ring death.  
 Rouse, Sons of Wealth, when Pity calls, and find  
 How woes of sympathy exalt the mind;  
 How oft, by small relief in season giv'n,  
 We build in Sorrow's breast a little Heav'n:  
 And who, when such sublime effects are known,  
 Who but must feel it rising in his own?

---

LINES WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER  
 CAPTAIN MORRIS, AT THE LONDON TAVERN,  
 AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, APRIL 21, 1795.

FROM this lov'd board, unfullied with excess,  
 Grac'd by the friends of Genius in distress,  
 One eve retiring, and unus'd to roam,  
 I fought my silent, solitary home:  
 There pensive sat; and, as I chanc'd to doze,  
 The world of spirits to my fancy rose:  
 I saw, imbosom'd in Elysian bow'rs,  
 That bore rich fruits and ever-blooming flow'rs,

Deep in the vale of letters, far apart,  
Those Wits, who perish'd by a broken heart.  
There, underneath a myrtle's fragrant shade,  
The love-sick Otway at his ease was laid :  
Skill'd from soft bosoms to call forth the sigh,  
And draw the pearly drop from Beauty's eye.  
But what avail'd the poet's tragic art  
To please the fancy, or to melt the heart ?  
If loud applause by men of taste was giv'n,  
They kindly left him to the care of Heav'n.  
Close by a sweet-brier, Humour's fav'rite child,  
The laughter-loving Butler loll'd and smil'd :  
His merry king could all his wit repeat ;  
But, in his mirth, forgot that bards must eat.  
Stretch'd in the shadow of an aged yew,  
The form of famish'd Spenser caught my view ;  
Sweet shade, I cried, to genius ever dear !  
Curst be those iron hearts that drove thee here :  
But thou, long since remov'd from earthly woe,  
Shar'st joys immortal in the realms below ;  
Nor canst thou need, among th' unbodied dead,  
Thy cup of water, and thy scrap of bread.  
On scatter'd roses Plato's child reclin'd,  
Poor Syd'nham, once the pride of human kind ;  
Whose depth of science all the learn'd approv'd ;  
Whom ev'ry Son of Virtue fought and lov'd :  
While this meek soul, unfit to bustle here,  
Dwelt with his master in the highest sphere,  
Press'd for a paltry debt, yet loath to crave,  
Despair and honour sunk him to the grave :

More than one tongue the mournful tale can tell  
How Syd'nham languish'd, and how Syd'nham fell.  
*His* shade it was that spread the joyful news  
Of this Society's propitious views;  
Unusual rapture seiz'd the spectre throng;  
They sung; and this the burden of the song:  
"The reign of British cruelty is o'er,  
"And starving authors curse the land no more."  
'Twas Syd'nham's fate that mov'd each gentler breast  
To tend'rest sympathy with worth distressed;  
To plead the cause of self-devoted men,  
And save from death the martyrs of the pen.  
Let us then execute what Pity plann'd;  
And Bounty and Good-will go hand in hand.  
'Tis ours the hermit in his cell to find,  
Neglecting body, and exalting mind;  
The speculative sage, the man of books,  
Whom Folly scorns, and Splendour overlooks;  
'Tis ours to snatch, from ruin and disgrace  
The most forlorn, most helpless of our race.  
Then, O! persist in what you've well begun;  
Persist with ardour till the work be done:  
Your gen'rous efforts shall at length succeed;  
And nations, yet unborn, applaud the deed.



ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE  
SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND, 1795.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN\*, ESQ.

## I.

YE sacred Bards of elder time,  
Whose genius breath'd celestial fire !  
Whose heartfelt rapture soar'd in songs sublime,  
Whose magic fingers swept the founding lyre !  
Who, proud th' heroic chief to crown,  
Wove the bright chaplet of renown,  
Or told in soft and melting strains  
The fond despairing lover's pains,  
Or with your animating breath  
Kindled the patriot's gen'rous zeal,  
And bade him for his country's weal  
Brave the stern tyrant's power, and smile in death !

## II.

Blest spirits ! from your starry spheres,  
Where, clad in robes of sapphire hue,  
Ye sit enthron'd, oh deign to view  
This flow of sympathy divine,  
This social homage to the Nine,  
Which sweet Benevolence endears !

\* Author of a Translation of Horace in English verse.

And, whilst the voice of Pity floats  
 In soft, melodious, thrilling notes,  
 Wake Inspiration's loftier strain !  
 Wake the bright hopes of happier days,  
 When Poetry again shall raise  
 Her genuine song, and Heav'n-born Genius reign !

## III.

Oh, mark the glories of that age  
 Which lives in Homer's matchless page !  
 When kings, when heroes, could admire  
 The glowing verse, th' enraptur'd lyre !  
 \* High on a throne of silver plac'd,  
 Their festive halls the poet grac'd ;  
 And when he tower'd on Fancy's wing,  
 And when his touch awak'd the string,  
 What sympathetic hearts around  
 Beat to th' inspiring martial sound !  
 Again he bade the battle bleed,  
 Pour'd vengeance on th' astonish'd foe,  
 With memory of each glorious deed  
 Kindled extatic Valour's glow !  
 Each warrior chief with fond regard  
 Cherish'd the soul-inspiring bard :  
 Each felt, with transport felt, his name,  
 Snatch'd from Oblivion's power, and stamp'd with  
 deathless fame.

\* See the account of the Minstrel Demodocus in the Eighth  
 Odyssey.

IV. Speak,

## IV.

Speak, gentle Muse, thy conscious pride,  
 Record the trophies of thy sway,  
 When, with impetuous foaming tide,  
 The mighty Theban's deep-ton'd lay  
 Rush'd, as a torrent from the mountain's side!  
 Th' Olympic Champion's far-fam'd deeds,  
 The hardy wrestler and victorious deeds,  
 His verse adorn'd with bright renown  
 Beyond the statue, or the laurel crown.  
 At solemn feasts he shar'd  
 The sacred portion for the gods prepar'd.  
 In after-ages lov'd, ador'd,  
 \* His awful name  
 Alone could stay the hostile flame,  
 Quell the fierce victor's rage, avert his vengeful  
 sword.

## V.

What triumphs, Queen of Song, were thine,  
 When Rome, in boundless rule enthron'd,  
 Proud Rome, thy gentle empire own'd;  
 Own'd the mild lustre of thy charms,  
 Resign'd for peaceful arts her arms,  
 And lov'd thy sons, ador'd thy shrine!  
 The imperial master of mankind,  
 To soft Humanity refin'd,

\* Alluding to the story of Alexander having, on the sack of Thebes, spared the house in which Pindar had lived.

Heard the majestic Mantuan lay,  
 Delighted heard the Ausonian lyre  
 \* Mild councils breathe, just deeds inspire,  
 And felt the Muse's pow'r that harmoniz'd his sway !

## VI.

Say, Britain, when in days of yore,  
 Thy sons 'gainst Rome's invading band  
 Stood dauntless on thy sea-girt shore,  
 Stern guardians of their native land,  
 And on the deep-wedg'd ranks of war,  
 Impetuous whirl'd the scythed car,  
 What pow'r their gen'rous valour fir'd ?  
 The bard, the patriot bard, inspir'd !  
     From oak-crown'd glades,  
     From mystic shades,  
 Where late he chaunted meek Religion's strain,  
     Avenger of his country's wrongs,  
     With harp attun'd to martial songs,  
 He rush'd indignant to th' embattled plain !  
     Nor less his voice, 'midst factious Rage,  
     Could Discord, baleful fiend, assuage,  
     The warrior's maddening steel arrest,  
     And soothe to peace his savage breast.  
 'Taught by his lore in social bands to join,  
 All lov'd the gentle bard, all blest'd the song divine.

\* Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato

Gaudetis almæ.

Hor. 3 Od. iv. 41.

Horace is supposed to have written this, and other passages of his works, with a view of softening the character of Augustus.

VII. But



## VII.

But where, ah where! in later days,  
 The bright reward, the gen'rous praise,  
 That once adorn'd the tuneful train?  
 The reverence genius could command,  
 When, cherish'd by a grateful land,  
 It pour'd a free and virtuous strain?  
 Far from the mansions of the great,  
 Where Pride maintains her sullen state,  
 Where, sunk in ease, unfeeling Luxury lies,  
 Repell'd, the Muse's offspring flies.  
 What fiends attend his steps forlorn!  
 Gaunt Poverty, with feeble cries,  
 And wan Disease, and taunting Scorn:  
 These, these, arrest each bolder flight:  
 Or, should his fancy nobly dare,  
 Base Avarice stints the hard-earn'd mite,  
 Drive him once more to want, and bids him clasp  
 Despair.

## VIII.

Behold in Misery's drear abode  
 \* A care-worn wretch expire!  
 'Tis he! the bard whose fancy glow'd  
 With soft yet vivid fire;

\* Whether Otway was *literally* starved to death is not certainly known: but it seems quite certain that he died in consequence of his poverty. Of the fate of Chatterton there is no doubt.

Who,

Who, in the tend'rest notes of woe,  
 Bade Belvidera's sorrows flow ;  
 Whose powerful Muse, beyond controul,  
 Could wring, could agonize the soul !  
 And mark that youth with aspect wild !  
 Chill Penury's devoted child,  
 Who, feigning a rude antique strain,  
 Woo'd Fortune's smiles, but woo'd in vain.  
 Absorb'd in deep despair he lies !

He pines, he sinks, he dies !  
 Ill-fated youth ! with fostering ray  
 Had kind Protection blest'd thy lay,  
 And taught the path to well-earn'd fame,  
 Britain perchance had gloried in thy name,  
 Had hail'd thee prosperous and renown'd,  
 By every Muse inspir'd, with ev'ry virtue crown'd.

## IX.

Ah then, celestial Muse, descend !  
 The glories of thy reign renew :  
 Bright Honour's source, fair Virtue's friend,  
 Smile on the liberal chosen few !  
 Congenial hearts alike inspire  
 Thy genuine sons to cherish and admire ;  
 Exalt thy vot'ry's purer mind  
 Above the vulgar joys that charm mankind :  
 Awake the sympathetic glow !  
 Bid the rich stream of Bounty flow !  
 Again bid drooping genius rise,  
 Assert its long-lost rights, and claim its native skies !

LINES WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER  
CAPTAIN MORRIS, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING AT  
THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN, MAY 12, 1796.

TO footh the needy Sage in Sorrow's bed,  
Or child, or widow, of the learned dead,  
Thence this humane Society began,  
Guardian of genius, and the friend of man.  
No narrow views with charity we mix'd ;  
Our love was gen'ral ; and our law was fix'd—  
Fix'd to relieve whoever had a claim ;  
Whate'er his politics, his right the same ;  
Nor on his frailties fought we to descant,  
No ; all mankind have merit when in want.  
Yet Prejudice has blam'd this quiet band,  
These mild associates that adorn the land.  
That lib'ral views are misconceiv'd we grieve ;  
'Tis human weakness lightly to believe.  
All party-spirit from our thoughts we cast ;  
We claim but justice, and forget the past.  
Why may not love from ill-opinion grow ?  
No friend can equal a converted foe.  
The more mistaken minds our acts shall blame,  
The more this gen'rous troop shall rise to fame.  
As when thick mists the Sun's effulgence hide,  
And roll and blacken o'er the mountain's side,

The

The shepherd, conscious of the solar pow'r,  
Eyes the red orb advancing to his bow'r,  
Convinc'd his splendours are prepar'd to rise,  
Burst through the gloom, and blaze along the skies:  
So the rapt Bard beholds, with joy divine,  
This lov'd Society in glory shine;  
And, while Suspicion seeks to cloud her day,  
Perceives the mists of Error glide away;  
Sees Charity on learned labours smile,  
And Wisdom's rays illuminate our isle.  
In vain complaints are made of favour shewn  
To those in learned circles scarcely known;  
'Twas soft Humanity deplor'd their fate,  
The graceful virtue of our infant state;  
In rigour feeble, in compassion strong;  
Through error wise, and charitably wrong.

If once I fear'd our dissolution near,  
And urg'd your gen'rous hearts to persevere,  
Those fears are calm'd; the fairest prospects rise,  
And tears of sympathy fill Pity's eyes:  
The sons of Opulence, who forward press,  
Rous'd by the cries of Genius in distress,  
Admire what men of little wealth have done,  
And joy to share those honours we have won.  
Rejoice, then, Friends of Genius, Friends of Man,  
At length we prosper, and complete our plan:  
Our bark is launch'd; I see her safely ride;  
Propitious is the gale, and smooth the tide;  
The wave shall kiss her side, the zephyr play,  
And shouts of triumph hail her on her way



ODE RECITED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

IN 1796.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

HENCE, base inglorious Passions ! hence  
The Thirst of Gain, the Lust of Pow'r !  
To thee, divine Benevolence,  
We consecrate the social hour !  
And, while the circling glass imparts  
New fire to melt obdurate hearts,  
Bid Sympathy, by Taste refin'd,  
Expand and purify the mind ;  
Bid her attend the thrilling strains  
When Genius speaks its heart-felt pains,  
And waft them to the sacred shrine,  
By lib'ral Pity rear'd, and cherish'd by the Nine !

I. 2.

Hark ! 'tis the Muse's well-known voice ;  
Heard ye the glad triumphant song ?  
She bids her gentle choir rejoice,  
And thus with rapture fires the throng :  
“ Rise, ye who claim my guardian care,  
“ Rise from the slumber of despair !

“ To

" To dry your tears, to chase your woes,  
 " With new-born zeal Britannia glows;  
 " At length her gen'rous sons proclaim  
 " That ' Want no more attends on Fame ;'  
 " At length a dawn of happier days  
 " Beams on your rising hope, and animates your  
 " lays !"

## I. 3.

Behold ! at Fancy's call, a radiant train  
 In lovely majesty appear ;  
 And, while Compassion lends her ear,  
 With tender grief and fond regret complain  
 How Genius, fated to abide  
 The frowns of Fortune, scoffs of Pride,  
 Long strove in vain Life's adverse storms to brave ;  
 Long felt, unheeded and forlorn,  
 Sharp Penury, relentless Scorn,  
 And found its last best refuge in the grave :  
 While thoughtless Wealth o'erlook'd its pains,  
 Or ruthless Av'rice watch'd to seize the slender gains.

## II. 1.

What graceful Nymph, with look benign,  
 First pleads for Worth by want oppress'd ?  
 Sweet Poetry, with notes divine,  
 Awakes the gen'rous feeling breast :  
 " The Bard," she cries, whose Muse sublime  
 " O'erleap'd the bounds of Space and Time,  
 " Who?

"Who, feeble, poor, bereft of fight,  
 "Cheer'd with my ray the gloom of night,  
 "What meed, alas! did he obtain  
 "For raptur'd Fancy's noblest strain;  
 "The sacred song, th' inspiring page,  
 "Which lives, his country's boast, and braves the  
 "pow'r of age?"

## II. 2.

Lo! Hist'ry, for her chosen race,  
 Advancing, claims fair Learning's prize;  
 Who tell, with dignity and grace,  
 How kings, how empires, fall and rise:  
 "My sons," she cries, ("from this blest hour,  
 "Nor Faction's tools, nor slaves to Pow'r;)   
 "Want, dreaded Want, shall ne'er controul  
 "Your native energy of soul;  
 "Henceforth your strains shall Justice guide,  
 "Inspir'd by independent Pride,  
 "And Truth, immortal Truth alone,  
 "Fix in your virtuous breasts her adamantine  
 throne."

## II. 3.

Mark where, with graceful steps and modest air,  
 Fair Science leads her sober train!  
 Can heav'nly Science plead in vain,  
 In vain implore Britannia's fostering care?  
 Her vot'ries she impell'd to scan  
 Sublime Creation's mighty plan,

And

And grasp the wonders of the starry pole ;  
 Their subtle reason's patient course  
 Trac'd knowledge to its secret source,  
 And mark'd the mystic mazes of the soul ;  
 Till fame of wisdom unconfin'd  
 Had stamp'd Britannia's sons the pride of human  
 kind.

## III. 1.

But see, dispell'd by purer light,  
 The Muse's fleeting vision ends !  
 All fair, all glorious to the sight,  
 Divine Benevolence descends !  
 Around what angel-forms are seen  
 Attendant on their gentle queen !  
 Pity, whose lucid eyes o'erflow,  
 Responsive to the tale of woe ;  
 Warm Sympathy, which fires the breast  
 For weakness wrong'd, or Worth oppress'd ;  
 And Bounty, genial as the rains  
 That cheer the drooping earth, and renovate the  
 plains.

## III. 2.

" Away with every weaker claim !"  
 (The sacred choir enraptur'd sings)  
 " Vain-glorious spirits bow to Fame ;  
 " True charity from Virtue springs.  
 " Though Poetry bewail the wrongs  
 " Her sons endure in melting songs ;  
 " Though



“ Though Science justly claim her meed ;  
“ With tenfold power shall Mercy plead :  
“ Celestial Mercy, from above  
“ Who sheds the dews of Peace and Love ;  
“ Who, ere th’ avenging bolt be hurl’d,  
“ Can stay th’ uplifted arm, and save a guilty world !

## III. 3.

“ And, lo ! her smiles approve your bounteous  
“ plan,  
“ Ye faithful band, whose hearts benign  
“ Pant to fulfil kind Heaven’s design  
“ Of gen’ral love, endearing man to man !  
“ What though applauding verse may raise  
“ Your names to high-distinguish’d praise,  
“ Though Britain’s voice your just desert proclaim,  
“ Far nobler triumphs yet succeed  
“ To crown each gentle gen’rous deed,  
“ Far brighter honours consecrate your fame ;  
“ Nor pass with fleeting time away,  
“ But waft the virtuous soul to realms of endless  
“ day !”

## SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER, 1796.

SUNG BY MR. SEDGWICK.

AIR.—“*The Sons of Anacreon.*”

TO Apollo, their king, at fam'd Helicon's court,  
 The lean ragged Muses preferr'd a petition,  
 That his Godship would please, when to earth they  
 resort,

To provide for his sisters, and mend their condition.

“What avails all our merit,

“Taste, knowledge, or spirit,

“If a poor barren laurel is all we inherit?

“If Fortune with Dulness and Envy combine

“'Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
 “the Nine?

## II.

“Old Homer, you know, in our happier days,

“At the banquets of Greeks was regal'd with good

“cheer;

“With solid roast-beef they requited his lays,

“Full goblets of Chian he quaff'd as his beer.

“When, at Rome, jolly Flaccus

“Sung of Cupid or Bacchus,

“Our glory repell'd all who dar'd to attack us;

“And

“ And Dulness with Envy in vain might combine  
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
 “ the Nine.

## III.

“ Now, alas ! in a region long blest by our smiles,  
 “ In Britain, how great are our hardships and wrongs !  
 “ Whilst our learning instructs, and our fancy be-  
 “ guiles,  
 “ Sages starve on their projects, and Bards on their  
 “ songs :  
 “ Or base mischievous satire  
 “ Supplies them with matter ;  
 “ For bread they abuse, and for bread they must flatter.  
 “ Thus Pride and Ill-nature with Envy combine  
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
 “ the Nine.”

## IV.

“ Hence, ye troublesome beldames !” Apollo replies,  
 “ With your whining and grumbling disturb us no  
 “ more ;  
 “ If Pride overlook you, and Fashion despise,  
 “ Quit the world till the triumph of Nonsense be o’er.  
 “ Yet a way I’ll impart  
 “ How to thrive in your art ;  
 “ Go to Bacchus—he’ll open each true British heart :  
 “ That Fortune with Envy no more may combine  
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
 “ the Nine.”

## V.

Then to Bacchus, of Poets the patron and guard,  
Went the sorrowing Maids, and implor'd his compassion.

“Affist us,” they cry’d, “to defend the poor Bard,  
“From the scorns of proud Wealth, and caprices  
“of Fashion!”

“My Girls,” he reply’d,

“In my Friendship confide;

“To excite gen’rous deeds is my pleasure and pride.

“No longer shall Fortune with Envy combine

“’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
“the Nine.”

## VI.

Then thus he inspir’d a kind liberal-band  
(Whilst free as their mirth their humanity flows):

“Unite, my brave fellows, unite heart and hand,

“To raise drooping Genius, and lighten its woes!

“From this happy day,

“Ev’ry Muse shall display

“Your fame in bright colours that never decay;

“Nor Fortune with Dulness and Envy combine

“’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of  
“the Nine.”



LINES WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER  
CAPTAIN MORRIS, AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE LITERARY FUND, IN FREEMASONS' HALL,  
APRIL 27, 1797.

STRANGE! that in Britain's Isle, for bounty fam'd,  
Among the wealthiest lands with envy nam'd,  
Where thousands thrive who never learnt to read,  
The man of Science should be doom'd to need.  
Will no kind Patron give the Scholar bread?  
Must Learning starve, while Ignorance is fed?

The poor, unletter'd groom, of clownish mien,  
Who loves his horse, and keeps his stable clean,  
With age enfeebled, sees his fortunes mend,  
And his rich master prove a grateful friend.  
The steed too, jaded with the frequent chace,  
Meets not, when old, ill-usage and disgrace;  
Pleas'd in the pastures of his lord to feed,  
He roves luxurious through the painted mead,  
Till ev'ry want, and ev'ry sense be o'er,  
And, full of years, he sleeps to wake no more.

But who to thee a pitying hand will lend,  
Thou Man of Learning, when thou seek'st a friend;  
When hunger presses, and the bailiffs seize;  
When bent with age, and wasting with disease?  
Who, but this gen'rous band shall haste to save,  
And raise thee up, when sinking to the grave;  
Shall wipe thy tears, shall spare thy honest shame,  
Relieve thy poverty, and hide thy name?

Say, you who recollect its infant state,  
Does not its present growth your hearts dilate ?

How oft from small beginnings objects rise,  
That fill the soul with rapture and surprise !  
Venetian palaces their pride display,  
Where first some fisher built his house of clay :  
So, in the moral world, from humble things,  
From simplest rudiments true grandeur springs.  
Thus this humane Society arose,  
Like Jove's own tree, that from a sapling grows :  
A sprig is planted by a private hand ;  
The trunk soon rises, and the boughs expand ;  
Fair to the sight, then fragrant blossoms shoot ;  
And now the spreading branches bend with fruit.

Come, helpless Mortal, from thy secret cell,  
Where Genius with Affliction learns to dwell ;  
For thee the boughs their fruits delicious bear ;  
These fruits medicinal can banish care :  
Call thy poor brotherhood to share the treat ;  
This is the tree of comfort ; pull, and eat :  
On mossy verdure let thy limbs be laid,  
And sink to sweet repose beneath its shade :  
The food oblivious shall thy peace restore,  
And never dread of want torment thee more.

You, Friends, to long-neglected Genius dear,  
You, whom Benevolence assembles here,  
You, who in Learning's cause have bravely stood,  
Whose greatest happiness is doing good,  
Bless, and be blest ; extend your noble plan,  
And let not Science prove a curse to Man !

AN ADDRESS TO THE COMPANY ASSEMBLED AT  
FREEMASONS' HALL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF  
THE LITERARY FUND, APRIL 27, 1797.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

OUR social board the Stoic might attend,  
Pleasure the means—Benevolence the end—  
While thousands crowd to hear the warbling strain,  
Few seek the mansions of Distress and Pain;  
They thirst for pleasure, little understood,  
Nor know the luxury of doing good.  
And yet the lib'ral stream of Bounty flows,  
To mitigate the helpless beggar's woes;  
A thousand Charities their aid extend,  
To prove that England is Misfortune's friend.  
But, oh! how hard the task to yield relief,  
Where Genius feels a dignity in grief!  
Where the proud spirit of a gen'rous breast  
From ostentatious bounty shrinks—oppressed!  
The letter'd victim, pining with the smart  
Of worth neglected—cank'ring at the heart,  
Rejects the gold that Vanity supplies,  
But while he scorns the insult—starving dies.

Be it yours a blest asylum to create,  
To meliorate the friendless Author's fate;

To yield relief—yet spare the honest pride,  
 That still attendant walks by Merit's side ;  
 \* “ That gen'rous pride that scorns all servile art,  
 “ And warms, in poverty, the noble heart,  
 “ Feels its own value, yet would blush with shame  
 “ To rob another of his well-earn'd fame.”

Be it yours to raise some Otway's drooping head,  
 Who pines in want, yet cannot beg for bread—  
 Lamented Otway ! whose energetic lyre  
 Yields but to Shakspeare's never-equal'd fire.  
 Condemn'd to penury, disease, and pain,  
 He dragg'd, with weary steps, Life's heavy chain :  
 Gifted by Heav'n, he sunk in sad neglect,  
 No friendly hand to succour and protect,  
 But doom'd, with aggravated grief, to find  
 The Great regardless, and the Rich unkind !  
 At length the Niggard poor relief supply'd,  
 The famish'd Bard but tasted, groan'd, and died.  
 Eternal blot on Charles's vicious reign !  
 When Genius languish'd in distress and pain ;  
 While pamper'd Sycophants—a servile band,  
 Enjoy'd the favours of his lavish hand !  
 Such foul reproach this age can never fear,  
 Neglected Merit finds its patrons HERE—  
 Patrons from feeling—not from vain display,  
 Where the coarse manner takes the worth away ;  
 But those who feel for Genius in distress,  
 Ambitious only—of the pow'r to bless !

\* The four lines marked with inverted commas are taken from one of the Author's Prologues.



AN ADDRESS TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE  
LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING  
AT GREENWICH, JULY 5, 1797.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

MARK, where the silver Thames, in Beauty's  
pride,

Rolls through these plains his calm majestic tide!

While Commerce, wafted on his bosom, pours

Her golden stream to lov'd Britannia's shores:

Fraught with the wealth remotest climes impart,

From bounteous Nature, or all-conquering Art,

To this fam'd Isle she speeds with sails unfurl'd,

And fixes here the centre of her world.

But say, proud Commerce, whence thy vot'ries  
gain

The skill that guides them o'er the trackless main?

Whence their enlighten'd minds, without dismay,

Foreknow each toil, and scan their destin'd way?

'Twas Science! heavenly Science! spread thy sails,

Taught thy bold prow to brave th' inconstant gales,

Mark'd unknown regions, savage tribes refin'd,

And bade thy sons enrich and bless mankind.

Yet, ah! whilst either India's treasur'd spoils,

Bright honours, glad repose, await thy toils,

Robb'd

Robb'd of the mite that Nature's wants require,  
The Sons of Science languish and expire,  
Crown'd, for their labours in the race of Fame,  
With barren laurels, and an empty name.

Nor less the Statesman with averted eyes  
Can heedless pass when modest Learning sighs.  
The Sage (whose Heav'n-taught wisdom learn'd to  
trace

Each source of blessings to the human race),  
While nations thrive, by his instructions led  
To power and plenty, asks in vain for bread,  
Condemn'd, with wretched sycophants, to wait  
(Far, far less welcome,) at the proud man's gate,  
All state intrigues, each meaner trifle, o'er,  
At length he's heard, but ne'er remember'd more.

To claims like these, if Wealth her aid refuse,  
What hope, alas! can cheer the friendless Muse?  
Scorn's favourite theme, insulted while oppress'd,  
Her fate a proverb, and her sighs a jest.  
Hooted as mad by all the vulgar crew,  
Oft, through Despair, she proves the scoff too true;  
Or Sorrow leads her to some lonely cell,  
Where pining Want and hopeless Anguish dwell;  
There flow her tears unpity'd, and unknown,  
While scarce an echo murmurs to her moan.  
More wretched still, perchance her offspring go  
To the dire dungeon, scene of guilt and woe,  
Waste the sad hours immur'd from life and light,  
Or (dreadful thought!) self-murder'd, sink in night.

But,

But, lo! a brighter scene the prospect cheers!  
 To chase her griefs a friendly band appears.  
 From heart to heart their generous views expand,  
 Till the pure lustre gilds their native land;  
 Till hapless Genius, by their fostering care,  
 Springs from the lethargy of dull Despair:  
 While Hope relumes, while Gratitude inspires,  
 Th' enraptur'd soul with Virtue's kindred fires.

Oh, then, my friends, with stedfast zeal combine!

On \* firm foundations fix your blest design:  
 So may the Muse, may History's faithful page,  
 Record the bounteous deed from age to age.

\* At this time the proposition to establish a Permanent Fund, by a Subscription for that purpose, was before the Committee; but the Plan had not been completely arranged.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS  
OF THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR  
ANNIVERSARY DINNER, AT FREEMASONS' HALL,  
MAY 3, 1798.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE "Preparation's note," with distant roar,  
Resounds from furious Gallia's hostile shore;  
While Britain, conscious of her native might,  
Serene, undaunted, waits th' impending fight;  
Say, shall her gen'rous sons one hour beguile,  
And greet the social board with heartfelt smile?  
Yes: 'midst the din of war, 'midst fierce alarms,  
Taste soothes the mind, and liberal Pity charms.  
From public cares, from suffering Europe's woes,  
Here temperate Mirth may yield a short repose;  
Mirth that no faction prompts, no vice imparts  
To smiling faces, but repining hearts,  
But that pure joy, by Sympathy refin'd,  
When Bounty seeks t' exalt and bless mankind,  
Bids Genius, drooping like the languid flower,  
Display its brightness, and exert its power,  
And prompts to virtuous zeal, to patriot fire,  
The Sage's pen, the gentler Poet's lyre.  
With smiles Britannia, from her sea-girt throne,  
Beholds each bright distinguish'd art her own.

Her



Her Science spreads where'er her thunders roll,  
From Indian Ganges to the frozen Pole;  
Pleas'd, where her genial Commerce wins its way,  
On rudest tribes to shed mild Culture's ray.  
Alas! could Learning's sons assert their claim,  
To liberal Ease, the crown of well-earn'd Fame,  
And, freed from Want, nor slaves to guilty Power,  
Woo the coy Muses in their tranquil bower;  
How few, by Envy stung, or lured by Gain,  
Had wak'd dishonest Slander's rancorous strain!  
How few with servile Flattery stain'd their page,  
And wrong'd the Muse's name through every age!

Oh! then, while social Pleasure crowns the day  
With temperate Mirth, benevolently gay,  
Yield not to Learning's friends a vain applause,  
But aid with stedfast zeal her glorious cause.  
So Genius, cheer'd by Bounty, oft shall raise  
Its grateful voice, and merit Virtue's praise;  
So Wisdom crush the Sophist's vain pretence  
By powerful reason and ingenuous sense;  
So Candour spread where'er true Science reigns;  
While every lyre resounds with patriot strains,  
And every heart, at Britain's call, unites  
To guard her fame, and vindicate her rights.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS  
OF THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR  
ANNIVERSARY, MAY 3, 1798.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

**T**HIS gen'rous Band, once more assembled here,  
Checks in the Muse's eye the starting tear ;  
While pensive Mem'ry dwells with many a sigh  
On Learning's vot'ries doom'd in want to die.  
To trace the mournful catalogue would shew  
The Sons of Genius are the Heirs of Woe !  
And that superior talents often doom  
Their proud possessor to an early tomb ;  
Or else condemn their victim to sustain  
A Youth of Envy, and an Age of Pain !  
Remember CHATTERTON—ordain'd to feel  
Neglect, more racking than the torturing wheel.  
For him the stream of Patronage is dry ;  
The tear of Anguish dims the Poet's eye ;  
Cold Penury his lonely steps attend ;  
And the wide world affords him not a Friend !  
Grief in his heart—distraction in his brain—  
He drinks oblivion to the sense of pain,  
And madly ventures o'er that fatal bourn  
From whence to cheerful Day there 's no return !

Had England no Mæcenas who would save  
So bright a Genius from a timeless grave,  
Snatch from his hand the chalice of Despair,  
And place the cup of Peace and Comfort there?  
Oh! had this lib'ral Band existed then,  
His bosom, reconcil'd to life again,  
Had felt the energy that Hope inspires;  
Hope that still fans and feeds the Muse's fires!  
Her timely aid Benevolence had giv'n;  
Nor had his impious deed offended Heav'n.  
Yet surely, Boundless Mercy, thron'd sublime,  
Permits his suff'rings to atone his crime!  
While meek-ey'd Pity, pointing to his bust,  
Melts into tears, and consecrates his dust.  
Peace to his ashes—may recording Fame  
Preserve his mem'ry, and forget his shame!

Each lib'ral mind your purpose will applaud,  
When doing good's your object and reward;  
No ostentation mars your gen'rous deed,  
Making the bosom that is succour'd bleed;  
No Party reigns, no Politicks inflame,  
Benevolence alone your end and aim.  
To foster Science in her humble shade,  
And spare her feelings while you bring her aid,  
Must make your plan, the more 'tis understood,  
Attract the wealthy, and delight the good.  
Though small at first your means to yield relief,  
And check the progress of the Muse's grief,  
'Those means each year increas'd success attends,  
And Science triumphs to behold her friends.

Thus

Thus the small acorn from a tender root  
 Puts forth a weak and unregarded shoot ;  
 But, Nature's faithful process once begun,  
 It gains new strength with each revolving sun,  
 Till its firm stem the raging storm defies,  
 And its bold branches wave amidst the skies !

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LINES ADDRESSED TO THE LITERARY FUND,  
 A SOCIETY INSTITUTED TO ASSIST AUTHORS  
 IN DISTRESS, ON THEIR ANNUAL MEETING  
 IN 1798.

BY MR. DYER.

WELCOME, ye generous circle, who, remov'd  
 From Party's froward bickerings, and the rage  
 Of the blood-monster War, the rash dislikes  
 Of Superstition, and the proud disdains  
 Of high-plum'd Vanity, here social sit,  
 A little Goshen ; round whose sacred seat  
 Benev'lence spreads her wings, and Pity meek  
 Sheds, as from Heav'n, its gentlest dew-drops down.

Yes, we must welcome you ;—for, if on earth  
 There smiles one chosen spot, that ruffian winds

Dare



Dare not invade; that Passion's mildew-swarms  
 Might harmless pass, though wafting wide around  
 Man's gayest sweetest hopes,—it must be that  
 Where Kindness blossoms beauteous: Tree more fair  
 Blooms not in mortal soil, nor ever bloom'd  
 In Fiction's painted garden; yet this tree,  
 Though fair of blossom, as the sacred flower,  
 Immortal Amarant, of fragrance sweet  
 As breathes the blest Arabia, and of fruit  
 Rich as that guarded tree, whose golden apple  
 Jove's nuptial day could cheer, would tremulous shrink  
 From vulgar rudeness, as of tenderest frame.  
 Withering it soon might die, if scowling winds  
 Blew on it piercingly.—Oh! then, we hail,  
 As friends, we hail you; warm of heart, we pray,  
 That no wide-wasting storm, no chilling frost,  
 May the young blossom of your hopes destroy,  
 Nor Folly stop the branches' ample pride.

Oft have ye read the case of keen distress,  
 And as ye read, ye sigh'd; oft heard the tale  
 Of Suffering Genius, by hard Fortune gall'd,  
 Death-stung by Malice, or, in perilous times,  
 Heart-harrass'd by some Tyrant's iron hand.  
 Nor did ye not attend, as oft ye heard  
 How Genius soars on light imprudent wings,  
 How Fancy's children, a gay sportive tribe,  
 Cheerful as morning lark, have mounted high,  
 Wild 'mid their warblings, gazing round and round  
 With rapture-beaming eyes! But, oh! they dropp'd  
 From their high carolings to silence down,

F

And,

And, 'mid their bright creations, the new worlds,  
 Their quick eyes pierc'd, like him, whom Fable gifts  
 With faithless wings, struggling in vain, they fell  
 To the dank earth, to pine 'mid want and woe.

Ye heard, ye wept; ye wept no fruitless tear;  
 Rich as the stream o'er thirsty Egypt pours,  
 It flow'd to bless; and soon, well-pleas'd, ye saw  
 Your plant take root, and promise fair; ye saw  
 Blossoms and fruits: then with a parent's fondness  
 Ye pour'd forth blessings, and it shall be blest.  
 And ye have nobly done! Henceforth remains  
 The work, to give due stateliness and strength  
 To what ye first gave being: Pleasing task!  
 Oh! may the wise contriving Mind, that knows  
 To plan for human welfare, here direct  
 Its energies! Here may successive rise  
 Gentle of heart and generous, as of thought  
 Profound and piercing, such as dare not sink  
 Self-centering, but who dart from inward light  
 Irradiance wide and strong, to cheer the world.

Here Wealth may triumph high, here taste the bliss  
 Of blessing others; nor may Wisdom less:  
 Who give with liberal hand afford the means  
 Of vigorous action; and with judgement weighing,  
 Discriminating well, and reas'ning right,  
 Point through those means the pathway to an end.  
 Perchance, from small beginnings may proceed  
 Blessings immense; perchance—the means outstrip  
 Your highest hopes; perchance—but who may tell  
 What Bounty may supply, or Wisdom plan?

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES;  
 INTENDED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF 1798;  
 PERFORMED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF 1799.

THE WORDS AND MUSICK BY MR. BUSBY.

THE God who darts his wit-inspiring ray,  
 And kindles genius as he kindles day,  
 Soft Pity glowing in his breast divine,  
 In heav'nly accents thus address'd the Nine:  
 "Join all your harps, celestial Queens of Song;  
 "To me, to you, the fates of Bards belong.  
 "Too long, alas! neglected and distress'd,  
 "Has Learning droop'd, and Genius been depress'd.  
 "These ills avert—with sweetly-thrilling strains  
 "Gently awake Compassion's melting pains:  
 "In Phœbus' cause teach mortals to conspire,  
 "And patronize the merit they admire.  
 "Join, join your harps, celestial Queens of Song;  
 "To me, to you, the fates of Bards belong."

His lyre he strikes! the Muses all reply,  
 And Heav'n itself's dissolv'd in extasy!

Some favour'd mortals caught the falling sound,  
 And eager spread the sacred influence round.  
 From breast to breast a new-felt ardour flew,  
 And lib'ral hearts sublimer pity knew;  
 Quick with a noble patron's love were fir'd,  
 And join'd to *bless* the merit they admir'd.

LINES SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
LITERARY FUND, AT FREEMASONS' TAVERN,  
MAY 2, 1799.

WRITTEN BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

THE war-worn Soldier, when his limbs no more  
Can bear the glorious toils that once they bore,  
Whether unnerv'd by the cold hand of Time,  
By painful marching, or unhealthy clime,  
If icy Poverty has ruthless shed  
Her torpid influence o'er his languid head,  
Finds from his Country's care a tranquil seat,  
From Penury and Pain a blest retreat;  
And Albion boasts with pride she ne'er neglects  
The gallant Warrior, who her shores protects.  
Glorious and generous care!—the applauding Muse  
The Hero with her noblest strains pursues.

Yet shall not they, who, friends to human kind,  
Spread Truth's immortal Ægis o'er the mind,  
To Error's force their dauntless breasts oppose,  
And scatter wide their Country's deadliest foes,  
Prevent the dark assassin's treacherous wound,  
Or dash the poisoner's chalice to the ground;  
Say, shall not these, from grateful wealth and power,  
Enjoy of patronage the genial shower?  
Yes!—BRITAIN'S Sons, to injur'd merit kind,  
Will aid the sacred bands who guard mankind.

Not



Not theirs the meed, by worldly arts to raise  
The splendid fortunes that the venal praise.  
To fight in Virtue's cause their proudest aim,  
The sole reward they seek, a virtuous fame;  
Or round their brows the tuneful Muse displays  
Her green, but fruitless, wreath of barren bays;  
Or from Mathesis' lines their minds produce,  
Frames of mechanic skill and general use;  
Or, while their cares Earth's secret stores unfold,  
They search the mine without a wish for gold.  
Though poor themselves, they sow with liberal hand  
The seeds of Plenty through a smiling land;  
Their substance wasted, and destroy'd their health,  
To curb Disease, and point the means of Wealth;  
Or, with a purer zeal, on mortal fight  
Pour the strong radiance of religious light;  
And trace the path by Saints and Martyrs trod,  
Through Nature's wonders up to Nature's God.

To snatch such breasts from penury and shame,  
Is solid virtue, and unblemish'd fame;  
Such fame, such virtue, yours—such as shall stand,  
Not in a single age, or single land.  
But Glory's voice, in every varied clime,  
Through every volume of recording time;  
Wherever Truth shall soar with eagle wing,  
Wherever Science teach, or Poet sing,  
Shall bid to you the eternal Pæan rise,  
Who shield from want and woe the Good and Wise.

AN ADDRESS TO THE COMPANY ASSEMBLED AT  
FREEMASONS' HALL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE LITERARY FUND, MAY 2, 1799.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN  
BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

IS there a fight the heart can hold more dear,  
Than what Humanity contemplates here?  
Pure 's the delight that animates the breast,  
To see you throng to succour the distress'd.  
Manes of Butler, Otway, Dryden, rise!  
Behold an object grateful to your eyes;  
England, at last atoning for her crime—  
England, that starv'd the witty, and sublime!  
With contrite feeling opes her ample store,  
And bids the Sons of Genius starve no more.  
'Tis said, that some to Poesy are foes,  
And think that Literature engenders woes:  
Such would bring back a barb'rous age again;  
For none but Vandals persecute the pen!  
Though some profane the Muse's gift divine,  
And bow at Avarice' or Ambition's shrine;  
Though some illiberal Satire's pen employ,  
And mingle hemlock in the cup of joy;  
Pierce the recesses of domestic life,  
Expose the husband, or defame the wife;

The

The tale of scandal bring to public eye,  
And in smooth numbers circulate the lie—  
The Muse's happier office is, to prove  
The bond of Friendship, and the lamp of Love;  
To harmonize the passions of the mind,  
To please, instruct, and meliorate Mankind.  
By her the selfish feelings are suppress'd,  
And social virtues kindle in the breast;  
She points to Nature's wise and gen'rous plan,  
And shews how strongly man depends on man;  
This sacred truth the thatch-roof'd Peasant owns,  
And ermin'd Monarchs feel it on their thrones!  
A loyal zeal for Freedom she inspires,  
And nerves to energy the Patriot's fires—  
Is there a man so base, so lost to shame,  
Who does not venerate the Patriot's name!  
Not the proud leader of a selfish crew,  
Who 'd grind the many, to enrich the few;  
But he who, active in his Country's cause,  
Asserts her liberties, maintains her laws;  
Whose upright mind pursues no private end,  
At once the Monarch's, and the People's friend!  
Who stems Oppression, which much oft'ner springs  
From Tyrant Factions than from Tyrant Kings;  
Arms for his Sovereign, to his standard flies;  
For Freedom conquers, or for Freedom dies:  
Not for that Fiend, detested by the good,  
That bath'd unhappy France with kindred blood;  
That brutaliz'd a Nation once humane,  
Whose fire is Discord, and whose offspring Pain!

That drinks the tears despairing orphans shed,  
 Tortures the living, and insults the dead !  
 That leads from crime to crime, from bad to worse,  
 The Prince's tyrant, and the People's curse !  
 Which, like a torrent bursting ev'ry mound,  
 Destroys the harvest, desolates the ground ;  
 Saps the foundation of the loftiest tower,  
 And whelms the work of ages in an hour !  
 This Gallic Dæmon, hated by the wife,  
 Shuns the keen searching of the Patriot's eyes :  
 'Tis not for her his country's foe he braves,  
 In burning climes, or on the stormy waves ;  
 But for that Freedom, native of our soil,  
 That dignifies command, and sweetens toil !  
 Whose graceful form, unbent by time, appears,  
 Blooming as youth, though sanctified by years !  
 For British Liberty—that draws the line,  
 'Twixt wild Democracy, and Right Divine ;  
 With equal zeal the Monarch's power maintains,  
 And guards the Subject from despotic chains :  
 The slave who once imbibes the English air,  
 Freed from his fetters, owns the Goddess there !  
 Where Heaven these words, in voice of thunder  
      spoke,

The Tree of Freedom is the British Oak !

Excuse the warmth with which my Muse ex-  
      press'd

The subject nearest, dearest to my breast ;  
 But, when the foes of earth and heaven conspire,  
 To desolate the world with sword, and fire,

Each



Each honest man's a patriot at the heart,  
And burns to take his King's and Country's part.

When Time has swept the present race away,  
And friends to Science celebrate this day;  
Remembrance shall with more than pleasure name  
And give your liberal patronage to Fame—  
To rival Genius—mutual Envy past—  
Succeeding ages shall be just at last;  
And He, who first this noble fabric rais'd,  
Shall with no common gratitude be prais'd:  
Time, that destroys the Hero's trophied bust,  
Shall spare the bay that blossoms o'er his dust.

---

ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF  
SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND,  
MAY 2, 1799.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

I. I.

'T WAS on a lonely cliff, whose height  
O'erlooks the hostile Gallic shore,  
The Muse reclin'd, from mortal sight  
To hide her grief, her wrongs deplore.  
Her downcast eye, her faltering tongue,  
Her lute neglected, and her lyre unstrung,

Mark'd

Mark'd the deep anguish of her mind,  
While thus, with sighs, she mourn'd the miseries of  
mankind.

## I. 2.

" Ah ! whither are Life's sweetest charms,  
Taste, Truth, and Genius, whither fled ?  
Where, 'midst the horrid din of arms,  
Shall Science rear her drooping head ?  
Lo, Anarchy pours forth her bands  
O'er trembling Europe's desolated lands !  
Infatiate Slaughter sweeps the plains,  
While Rapine shouts applause, and dire Oppression  
reigns !

## I. 3.

" Shall my degenerate Sons their triumph hail ?  
Soothe the barbarian spoiler's pride ?  
Or, borne on Fortune's swelling tide,  
With votive incense woo her fav'ring gale ?  
No : rather let th' Aonian choir  
To drear Oblivion's shade retire,  
There tune, unheard, the pensive lay,  
Than, lost to honour, dead to shame,  
Exalt each base Usurper's name,  
Or bow to prosperous Vice, and own her lawless  
sway."

## II. 1.

She ceas'd; when, through the gloom of Night,  
 A voice the forrowing Goddess cheer'd,  
 And, circled with a blaze of light,  
 BRITANNIA'S awful form appear'd!  
 "Arise!" she cried: "thy gentle train,  
 By truth inspir'd, shall breathe a nobler strain:  
 Her voice shall bid their patriot lays  
 Record their Country's fame, and consecrate her  
 praise:

## II. 2.

"Mark, wherefoe'er my banner waves,  
 Where'er my thunders rend the sky,  
 What nations bless the power that saves,  
 That saves benign in Victory!  
 Ye Seas that lave the Gallic coast!  
 Ye shores that saw Batavia's vanquish'd host!  
 Ye Ports that hide the shame of Spain,  
 Own, though reluctant, own my triumph on the  
 Main!

## II. 3.

"But, oh! what glories grac'd my favour'd Isle,  
 When Fame to her exulting shore,  
 High pois'd on eagle pinions, bore  
 The deeds that struck with dread th' astonish'd  
 Nile?

When, fir'd by Hope, my gallant band,  
 'Midst Egypt's rocks and faithless strand,

Each

Each danger hail'd with proud acclaim ;  
 When, fix'd to conquer or expire,  
 Through hostile fleets, through raging fire,  
 My generous Hero press'd and rais'd a deathless  
 name.

## III. 1.

“ Yet, Muse, awhile forego the fight  
 Of ruthless War, ensanguin'd strife :  
 Behold, with calm and pure delight,  
 The social Charities of life ?  
 See my lov'd Sons transported join  
 In deeds that lift the mortal to divine !  
 See heavenly Sympathy appear,  
 Redress the Orphan's wrong, and dry the Widow's  
 tear !

## III. 2.

“ What bitter anguish, heartfelt pains,  
 Oft pierce his bright distinguish'd mind,  
 Whose genius wak'd thy heaven-born strains,  
 Whose liberal taste inform'd mankind !  
 That mind, which Hope, with transient smile,  
 Lur'd to betray, and flatter'd to beguile,  
 Oppress'd by Want, o'erwhelm'd by Care,  
 Finds Death its surest friend, its only guest,  
 Despair.



## III. 3.

“ Oh, then, while generous transports thrill the  
soul,  
Let sweet Benevolence inspire  
The festive song, attune the lyre,  
And brightly sparkle in the flowing bowl !  
Let Harmony with Mirth unite,  
While Learning's vot'ries seek delight  
In pleasures temperately gay !  
All hearts in Pity's sacred cause,  
Shall greet their lays with fond applause,  
And each revolving year renew this festal day.”

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N. B. *The last Stanza was set to Music as a GLEE,  
by Mr. SAMUEL WESTLEY ; and sung after the  
Recitation.*

**AT a Committee of the LITERARY FUND,**

**June 15, 1797;**

**JOHN GRAY, Esq. LL. D. in the Chair;**

It was resolved, that a **PERMANENT FUND** should be established, by raising a sum of money by temporary subscriptions; and applying the money so raised, all future subscriptions for life, casual benefactions, legacies, and all profits arising from plays, concerts, books, &c. to the purchase of stock (to be vested in trustees) in some of the national funds; the interest only of which, except on very extraordinary occasions, to be employed for the purposes of the Institution.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS to the PERMANENT FUND.**

Charles Abbot, Esq. M. P.	-	-	5	5	0
Augustus Bödecker, Esq.	-	-	10	0	0
William Boscawen, Esq.	-	-	2	2	0
Rev. Thomas Bracken,	-	-	2	2	0
Mr. Edward Brooke,	-	-	1	1	0
Joseph Budworth, Esq.	-	-	10	10	0
Sir James Bland Burges, Bart.	-	-	20	0	0
Charles Burney, LL. D. Greenwich,	-	-	10	0	0
T. C. by the hands of Dr. Dale	-	-	5	0	0
Thomas Dale, M. D.	-	-	2	2	0
W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.	-	-	2	2	0
Major Gardner,	-	-	2	2	0
			<hr/>		
			72	6	0
			<hr/>		

Brought over	-	-	-	72	6	0
John Gray, Esq. LL.D.	-	-	-	2	2	0
John Gosling, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
John Griffin, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
John Haygarth, M. D. F. R. S. Bath,	-	-	-	10	10	0
Michael Hoy, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
George Jefferys, Esq.	-	-	-	5	5	0
Edward Kennion, Esq.	-	-	-	1	1	0
Samuel Lawford, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
John Leach, Esq.	-	-	-	1	1	0
Peter Mellish, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
Charles Monro, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
Lord Viscount Mountmorres,	-	-	-	10	10	0
John Nichols, Esq.	-	-	-	1	1	0
Arthur Onslow, Esq.	-	-	-	1	1	0
William Weller Pepys, Esq.	-	-	-	20	0	0
Thomas Plumer, Esq.	-	-	-	10	10	0
William Porden, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
George Ranking, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
John Reeves, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
J. F. Rigaud, Esq.	-	-	-	1	1	0
John Rogers, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
Samuel Salte, Esq. by bequest,	-	-	-	100	0	0
William Salte, Esq.	-	-	-	21	0	0
J. T. Stewart, Esq.	-	-	-	2	2	0
Rev. G. Storie, Camberwell Grove, Surrey,	-	-	-	10	10	0
Richard Joseph Sullivan, Esq.	-	-	-	10	10	0
John Symmons, Esq.	-	-	-	21	0	10
Rev. Archer Thompson,	-	-	-	2	2	0
Thomas Williams, Esq. M. P.	-	-	-	10	10	0
Rev. David Williams,	-	-	-	2	2	0
Joseph Windham, Esq.	-	-	-	10	10	0
One Year's Interest on £.600. 3 per Cent. Consols	-	-	-			
to Christmas 1798,	-	-	-	18	0	0

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ABSTRACT

# ABSTRACT OF THE CASH-ACCOMPT OF THE FUND.

	£.	s.	d.
Balance in hand, April 19, 1798,	38	0	8
Subscriptions received, from April 19, 1798, to April 18, 1799,	260	8	0
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	298	8	8
Paid, by Order of the Committee, on Applications for Relief; including Expences of Printing, Advertising, and Collecting,	208	18	2
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Balance, April 18, 1799,	89	10	6
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## PERMANENT FUND.

Amount of the Subscriptions, including One Year's Interest on £.600.	367	4	0
£.700 Three <i>per Cent.</i> : Consols cost	346	17	6
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Balance in hand, May 3, 1799,	20	6	6
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